

T H E M U S E
In G O O D H U M O U R,
C O N T A I N I N G
S O N G S,

IN THE GAY STILE,

Together with a Variety of

POETICAL PIECES,

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

THE WHOLE IS DESIGN'D

To raise good humour, to sweeten life,
To excite to Friendship, to banish strife,
To hold up curst Vice to view,
That you may see and hate it too,
And sometimes satyrise me and you,
All may with moderation prove,
The Joys of Wine, the sweets of love.

The whole has very lately been wrote by

J O H N J O N E S,

BOOK-SELLER, BRISTOL.

1790.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.



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P R E F A C E.

SOLOMON has told us there is a Time to laugh : it wou'd have been happy for the World if he had wrote something effectually to have answered that End. I suppose he was too busy to thus serve us. We have only therefore to keep in Mind his Assertion, and to help ourselves as well as we can.—Nothing was ever gained by Sighs and Groans (unless it were by Religious hypocrites) to alleviate the Troubles of Life.—More than enough have drawn the Pen.—Almost every one have different Ideas upon this Subject, and I have mine —Songs in particular have in numerous instances, had amazing Effect. They have even made Cowards brave! Music can soothe the deepest Distress —Softens the hardest Heart, and calm the most furious Passion! and give Serenity and Joy! And who is there unacquainted with the Effects of Love, Friendship and Wine?—Such are some of the Subjects here treated on.—If these cannot ease Care, and charm the Soul, nothing ever will, but whether reader thou art of the gay or grave turn, I hope you will here find a trifle to please.—My intention is to be as happy as I can myself, in all the changing Scenes of Life.—A gloomy cynical Temper will not lengthen life, or make it happy.—In fine, I am determined to live as long as I can, and be as happy as possible, in the midst of a scheming World.—If any can find faults with the Pieces here presented, they are more than welcome to correct them, or take the pen and say better Things on the same Subject, and if they can, treat of a more pleasing Theme.—There are many in Life (and I know some of them) who cannot bear to hear of any Matter above their own genius, produced by a Person in an inferior Station to themselves : let you and I my friend laugh at such, and tell them;

“ Verse comes from heav'n like inward light,

“ Meer human pains can ne'er come by't :

“ The God, not we, the Poem makes,

“ We only tell folks what he speaks.

I am my good temper'd friends for all your favors
most respectfully yours

JOHN JONES.

S O N G I.

SEIZE this moment, Life is fleeting,
Life's best joys are quickly flown,
Fill your glasses,
Kiss your lasses,
Let love and wine each moment crown.

Every station's full of sorrow,
Nought but this can give us joy!
Sparkling glasses,
Smiling lasses,
Sweetly charms and cares destroy.

This moment seize then lads and lasses,
In love's sweet joys your hours employ,
Love's sweet kisses,
Gives real blisses,
These and wine will never cloy.

(5)
FRIENDSHIP and WINE.

A FLASK of good wine and sensible friend,
Are life's choicest blessings below,

Wine quickens the spirits

And care disinherits,

And friendship refin'd,

By the help of good wine

Sincerer and purer does flow.

In those evils of life, or in love or in pain,

'Tis a sure and infallible aid,

Wine quickens the spirits

And love disinherits,

And pain too will fly,

When a bumper is nigh,

Pray try it and be not dismay'd.

And that bane of lives, much worse than cross wives,

Curst Poverty!—these will destroy,

Wine raises low spirits,

And want disinherits.

All joyfully sing,

Each thinks he's a king.

We each are so *Brim full of Joy*.

In spite of all evils, in spite of our wives,

They to plague us will often combine,

Yet to wine still repair

To get rid of all care,

Drink till Poverty vanish,

Drown care and drown anguish,

And drown even *Venus* in *Bumpers of Wine*.

LOVE, MUSIC and WINE,

COME mortals come, let nought delay,
 To pleasure's court, all haste away,
 Where music, love and rosy wine,
 To sweeten life does all combine.

Where lovely Girls
 Are gayly toying,
 All their wanton
 Charms employing,
 And wine to cheer,
 Or drown all care,

To sweeten life, or pain remove,
 There's nought but wine, there's only love.

There in pleasing am'rous play,
 Gayly drive all care away,
 Bring the music, quickly bring,
 Sound each mellow warbling string,

Sound the lyre,
 Sound the lute,
 Sweetly sound the
 Warbling flute;
 Gayly rise and
 Join the dance,
 Till love does all
 Our souls entrance, -

And thus in raptures all retire
 And sweetly quench love's am'rous fire.

In am'rous joys still sweetly play,
 All the night and all the day,
 While youth and vigor we enjoy
 Ev'ry moment thus employ,

Old age comes soon
 And drives away
 All youth's pleasing
 Am'rous play,
 Seize it it now then
 while we may

To sweeten life, or cares remove,
 There's nought like music, wine and love.

A CANTATA.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND WINE.

RECITATIVE.

SILENCE, first! while I to you proclaim,
 The joys of sacred friendship's flame,
 And that sweet passion too soft love impart,
 Which fills with joy and yet wounds every heart!
 Yet calms our passions, lulls our cares to rest,
 With transport fills us, yet pains every breast,
 Come rosy wine, these pains remove,
 Come strengthen friendship, sweeten love.

A I R

Take a brimmer, then to friendship
 All our joys it will refine,
 Love and friendship still is cherish'd,
 By that noble juice good wine.

When dull care or pain molest us
 When sad strife our joys confine,

Nought can ease us, nought can free us,
But that noble juice good wine.

RECITATIVE.

What is life? What is wealth?
Without friendship we can find,
What is life? what is friendship?
Without love and wine still join.

A I R,

From love O! what joys
From friendship, pleasure,
While firmly upheld by the juice of the vine,
Unite them together,
'Tis the sum of all pleasure,
'Tis the balm of all ills, friendship, love and good wine.

RECITATIVE.

While others with ardor strange pleasures pursue,
Where friendship nor love ere combine,
Let us persevere, while life we still share,
In the joys of love, friendship and wine.

A I R,

To sum up all blessings we here can enjoy,
This most certainly true you will find,
All is center'd in these,
You may try if you please,
'Tis in Friendship, in love, and good wine.



W A R S O N G.

THE world's all in motion, all full of alarms,
 Come Britons prepare, come gird on your arms,
 'Tis to honor and glory, to riches in view,
 To be true to our country, to each other true,

For honor and glory,
 For fame still to gain,
 Our lives boldly venture,
 Brave boys boldly enter,

Come enter and beat all our foes on the main.

Our wrongs to revenge, our glory to raise,
 To humble proud Spain, see Britain displays,
 Her Bulwarks of Oak, and her sons void of fear,
 Steer then on my brave boys, and to glory still steer,

For honor, &c.

See Spain proudly ranged in battle array,
 Push forward my boys fill the Dons with dismay,
 On tip-toe for glory each Briton push on,
 Huzza! they are beaten, the honor's your own,

For honor, &c.

Remember brave Rodney and Eliot as brave,
 They fought and they conquer'd, all honors they have,
 Let this emulate each bold British tar,
 With ardor to strive for the honors of war.

For honor and glory,
 For fame still to gain,
 Our lives boldly venture,
 Seize the honor to enter,

To enter and beat all our foes on the main.

S O N G.

Tune, *ROAST BEEF of OLD ENGLAND.*
A N A C R E O N T I C.

WITH a girl on our knee, plump, soft, sweet and fine,
 And that to all pleases, a flaggon of wine,
This the body will comfort and *that* cheer the mind,
 O the sweet girls of old England,
 O the joys of plump girls and good wine.

Here *Venus* and *Bacchus* together unite,
 Such pleasures *Ture* Angels could taste with delight,
 'Tis so tempting w're told, it did once *Jove* invite,
 O the sweet girls of Old England,
 O the joys of sweet girls and good wine,

To shew ourselves thankful for heaven's kind boon,
 Embrace still the blessing, both morn, night and noon,
 Our lives quickly pass, all joys will fade soon,
 O the plump girls of old England,
 O the joys of sweet girls and good wine.

The parson will tell you, 'tis a mortal sin,
 If you look on fine girls, you'll heaven ne'er win,
 But they all do the same, yet hope to get in.
 O the sweet girls of old England,
 O the joys of plump girls and good wine.

'Tis nature's first passion, the passion of love;
 'Twas given to please us, its joys all may prove,
 Love's a foretaste of heaven, for heaven is love,
 O the sweet girls of old England,
 O the dear angelic girls.

S O N G.

The VIRTUES of GOOD ALE,
TUNE TOBY FILL-POT.

DEAR friends, as we all are quite fond of good ale,
We'll have 'tother jug, while I tell you my tale,
Then send for it in boys, our spirits to cheer,
While its virtues I sing, its worth I'll declare,
At the end of each verse, you may all join the tale,
And chorus with me the choice virtues of ale:

And first then this liquor our spirits does cheer,
And pain it soon eases and banishes care,
Makes time sweetly glide on and lengthens our lives,
And when full of this we don't fear our cross *wives*,
They may *scold, frown or hate* us, or terribly *rail*,
But this we ne'er care for when *full* of good ale.

'Tis the best cure for *love* as many have found,
Love's *dart* it plucks out and is balm to the wound,
The heart thus set free, O! what pleasure we find,
For dullness and pain sweet peace fills the mind,
The REMEDY's sure, to try it ne'er fail,
Love quickly is drown'd in a pot of good ale.

It calms all our passions, and friendship refines,
It opens our hearts, it inspires our minds,
It *helps* the poor *mus*e too in numbers to flow,
Makes the *debtor* so happy, he forgets all his woe,
This it daily does do, and never will fail,
Then chorus with me the choice virtues of ale.

Time wou'd fail us if all its great blessings were told,
 The poor it makes rich, and the coward makes bold,
 Makes lovers leave sighing, and helps sad despair,
 It strengthens our friendship, makes pains disappear,
 This and more it can do and never will fail,
 Then all join to PRAISE the CHOICE virtues of ale,

S O N G.

The MAGIC RING.

A MAGIC ring there is w're told,
 That gives each wearer pleasure,
 Then all should use this lovely toy,
 For sure it is a treasure,
 Fie tol lol lol, &c.

It is a very simple toy,
 But pleases beyond measure,
 Then all should covet to possess,
 Themselves of this great treasure.

Does friends displease, or world still frown?
 Thro' this you still may joy share
 Slip but this ring your finger on,
 And soon you'll forget all care.

It charms the soul, and ev'ry sense,
 It fills quite full of pleasure.
 And long a gone I'm sure 'twas held
 The sweetest, greatest treasure.

If troubles come put on this ring,
At least it will much ease ye,
And faith I much mistaken am,
If it don't more than please ye.

Fie tol, &c.

So full of charms it is indeed,
'Twill always make you cheery,
If dying I do really think,
It then wou'd make ye merry.

Of various colours it is found,
Each pleases beyond measure,
Get but a black, a red or brown,
They all give equal pleasure.

And when you're pleas'd to slip it on,
You'll never like to quit him,
And what is very strange to tell,
'Tis to every finger fitting.

Where is this ring, methinks you ask,
That from dying wou'd arouse ye,
Egad you quickly will be told,
If you ask your own dear spousey:

Fie tol, &c.





S O N G.

EACH lovely girl you know full well,
They like a deal of kissing,
Then freely let them have their fill,
Love's joys they place all blifs in,

Fie tol, &c.

Come ev'ry lad and take a las,
And sweetly please each other,
For well each las does love such sport,
And so did her good mother.

And so do you, and so do I,
And so do ev'ry other,
And 'pon my soul I really think,
Each maid wou'd be a mother.

Then let's all love and sweetly kiss,
For sure 'tis very clever,
And youth and vigor don't last long,
Then do it now or never.

'Tis blifs supreme I've often found,
Egad 'tis most delighting,
Then take a girl and kiss your fill,
Love's joys spend every night in.

Fie tol, &c.



HUMEROUS SONG.

IT hapen'd of late that to make a firm stand
 'Gainst villains, a man took a fork in his hand,
 When a *Virago Woman* who oft conquer'd a man,
 Rush'd on him and so got a *stab* in her hand,

Derry down, down, down derry down.

This courageous woman was heard to exclaim,
 Tho' the —'s in my hand I don't feel the least pain,
 Tho' he thrust it in *deep* and quite pierced a *vein*,
 On my soul she cry'd laughing I don't feel the least pain.

A — in the hand then is a simple thing,
 Thrust your weapon still boldly and still enter in,
 Ill' lay half-a-guinea you'll hear her proclaim,
 Tho' I'm stab'd in so deep, I don't feel the least pain.

If a — in the hand thus gives pleasure, not pain,
 And you love to please woman pray try it again,
 And I'll lay half a guinea she'll not long refrain,
 Before she'll cry out I don't feel the least pain.

To please the whole sex then (indeed I'm sincere)
 Keep your weapon still ready, thrust in without fear,
 And I'll lay half a guinea, with joy they proclaim,
 You may stab home your weapon without the least pain.

May all the dear sex then our joys to prolong,
 Be pleas'd with the stab of a short fork or long,
 May their courage be noble to make a firm stand,
 When the weapon's stretch'd out boldly rush on the man.

'Tis a joke my dear friends, but a true one you'll find.
 You may stab still this woman, and all womankind,
 And to give satisfaction O! never forbear,
 Thrust again and again, till they satisfied are,
 Derry down, &c.

S O N G.

Invitation to the CHACE.

IN the morn, with the sun, the huntsman does rise,
 And haste to the field with the hounds in full cries,
 The horn sweetly sounding to joys come away,
 Away to the *chace* my brave boys come away.

Health with pleasure united you here will all find,
 Swift fly o'er the plains and give *eare* to the wind,
 From such *soul* chearing joys no mortal shou'd stay,
 The horn too is sounding to joys come away.

Be *wise* then my Boys no longer delay,
 Your *mistress* now leave to the *chace* haste away,
 Your *bottle* and *glafs* too for joys more refin'd,
 In the joys of the *chace* are all pleasures combin'd.

Away, then away, while the sound of the horn,
 Invites you to taste the sweet breath of the morn,
 And still sweetly sounding to joys come away,
 Come, Come to the *chace* my brave boys come away.

S O N G.

The Painter, drawing a Picture of Nature.

A Painter, once, a merry blade,
A pleasant joking fellow,
Sate down to paint a pleasing piece,
When he was got half mellow,

Fie tol lol, &c.

The piece he drew, then Mary call'd,
To say if he was right in,
Moll view'd and laugh'd, then archly cry'd,
Indeed 'tis most delighting.

And you'll be pleas'd, I make no doubt,
While I describe the painting
A noble piece of workmanship,
As ever joy'd a saint in.

I love the piece and ever shall;
Great praise it does from all that see.
If e're you see't I really think,
To adore it you'll not forbear.

Now mark me well my merry friends,
The thing is most delighting,
No Lord or king, or all the world,
Has a place that's so inviting.

In the center of all things that's good,
'Tis finely situated,
And if all day you view it still,
Your joys are not abated.

A purling rill or else a stream,
 From a noble cascade flowing,
 And finely form'd beneath a *hill*,
 Where's graceful herbage growing.

And just below there stands the *House*,
 Tis small but wond'rous fitting,
 And if you once but enter in,
 You'd never be outgetting.

Two *Pillars* near the portal stand,
 Than allabaster whiter,
 But the *chieve*, the *cornice*, and the *frieze*
 Is still the chief delighter.

Love's Temple sure it may be call'd,
 'Tis so full of lovely graces,
 You never will I'm sure my friend,
 Despise the meanest places.

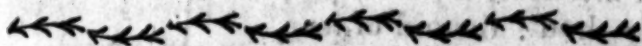
Where is the man that wou'd not joy,
 To live in this fair dwelling,
 When all blessings all its joys,
 Are great beyond all telling.

But tho' thus fair and tempting sweet,
 This sure will greatly please ye,
 A quick possession you may get,
 Indeed 'tis very easy.

Delightful place ! may you and I,
 With joyful thanks, expressing,
 Take quick possession of the same,
 As the greatest earthly blessing.

And there remain, there ever dwell,
 And never ! never ! quit him,
 Till death perchance eject you out,
 Then with reluctance quit him.

Such was the *piece* the painter drew,
 which I have spoil'd in telling,
 But I hope your pardon when I say,
 'Tis a lovely, charming dwelling.



The WARRIOR parting with his Mistress,
 S O N G.

NOW war's dire alarms,
 Calls to battle and arms,

And from all that is dear I must part,

To my country I'll be true,

So my dear will I to you,

But the brave must appear,

(Nor to die will he fear)

In his country's defence, tho' he leaves you his heart.

In the midst of the battle,

When loud cannons rattle,

'Tis you shall inspire me to conquer or die,

Of old 'twas the fair

Clad the hero for war,

With courage inspir'd him,

With honor still fired him,

And led him to battle, to conquer or die.

Thus boldly I go,
 To conquer each foe,
 By you still inspir'd to conquer or die,
 None but the brave
 Can true honor have,
 None but the brave
 His country can save,
 The brave always conquer, they conquer or die,

HER REPLY.

Farewell my dear, my only joy,
 Go nobly thou! devoid of fear,
 May Gods protect thee.
 Love shall reward thee,
 Triumphant returning,
 With love still burning,
 None but the brave deserve our love,
 None but the brave deserves the fair,

R I D D L E.

TO please myself and puzzle you,

I write this little riddle,
 And what I mean some persons feel,
 While dancing to a fiddle.

If I say more you'll quickly get
 The sense, which no doubt wou'd please ye,
 But as I love a little fun
 For a moment I will tease ye.

But I am kind and sooner wou'd,

Fill you full of blisses,

Then here's my riddle nearly told,

'Tis something like sweet kisses.

And if you've courage, (but pray forbear)

To kiss the ladies round,

'Tis ten to one but you or they,

Will my riddle soon expound.

S O N G.

Wrote for the FREEMEN of BRISTOL, on their chusing LORD
SHEFFIELD, and the MARQUIS of WORCESTER their
REPRESENTATIVES in PARLIAMENT, JUNE 19th, 1790.

COME freely boys your voices raise,
To worth and virtue give your praise,
'Tis WOR'STERS name all honors claim,
Then speak his worth and sound his fame.

Speak his worth, &c.

To guard our laws, to raise our fame,
A post of honor now does claim,
May virtuous all his actions prove,
Fame then shall praise him, all with love.

May he for freedom firmly stand,
What our fore-fathers virtue plan'd,
Strict justice all his actions sway,
And tyrants fill with great dismay.

And SHEFFIELD too shall join the band,
With hand and heart for freedom stand,
For trade and commerce wisely strive,
Make England flourish, Britons thrive.

Names *Whig* or *Tory* let's disclaim,
Let worth alone be all our theme,
In bumpers all distinction drown,
May honor all their actions crown,

And glory all their actions crown.

TUNE THE HERO COMES.

A Word to poor UNTHINKING LOVERS.

S O N G.

YOU fighting young lasses, and kneeling young swains,
 Whose heads and whose hearts are full of love strains,
 Give ear to old GREY beard, I'll settle your brains.

A fine jolly girl you all think is quite nice,
 And such *charming* food will always suffice,
 But I've *try'd* it before ye and 'tis a TOUGH slice.

And you ye sweet lasses who wish to be wives,
 And pleasure to taste all the days of your *lives*,
 But REMEMBER in *wedlock* there's very few thrives.

But if that's not enough still to open your eyes,
 I'll add one word more, to make you more wise,
 Come *poverty* view then, sure that will suffice.

First view those DEAR EYES from which love us'd to flow,
 All drown'd in sad tears from sorrow and woe,
 From *poverty's cold hand*, such dreadful ills flow.

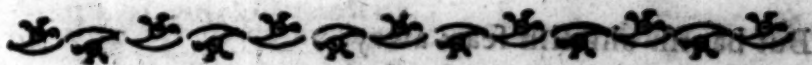
On next thy dear *children* thy eyes cast around,
 In rags all accoutred by the world are all frown'd,
 Much better they were dead and laid under ground.

No victuals, no drink, all full of sad woes,
 Of all destitute, in a world full of foes,
 And such thousands are now, as every one knows.

Much more might be added, to open your eyes.
 But will weigh what I've said, this will fully suffice.
 Or by sad experience too late you'll be wise.

O tremble at this all poor lovers,

O tremble at *poverty's* cries.



"Vice is a Monster of so frightful mien"

"As to be hated needs but to be seen"

POPE.

IN yonder brothel cast thine eye,
Of wretchedness and woe,
Where all the dire and sad complaints,
From prostitution flow.

Where clap and — and aching bones,
And trembling limbs, and sighs and groans,
Companions of despair,

Where want in pallid looks oft dwells,
And midnight groans, and ghostly yells,
And self tormenting fear.

Where love nor friendship e're is found,
Where conscience still in drams are drown'd,
And horrid oaths still heard,

Where wither'd forms in wretched plight,
Just stalks around, a shocking sight,
But these you need not fear.

To this retreat go boldly thou nor mind what conscience
[say]

Regale thy body cheer thy mind, and keep an holiday.

Fear not disease, the — ne'er fear,
While whores and music charm thy ear,
Drink, drink without control,
Nor let not Hell thy soul dismay.

But banish childish fears away,
Since nought can hurt thy soul,

There revel still nor parents heed,
Nor wife nor children thou,

But join the dance

Thy soul entrance,

In joys, repeated still, and still for ever new.

In these choice pleasure spend thy days,

Thy conscience still out-brave,

Then silly tales of death and hell,

On thee no force shall have.

No hell-born sprites dare enter there,

Thy pleasures to allay,

T'would clap the devil himself should he,

But fetch their souls away.

VALENTINE PIECES.

THIS emblem of love to you I present,

As a token my heart is your own,

Ye gods aid my wish,

And perfect my bliss

By making my fair one consent,

All my fond wishes to crown.

You only can move

The wrangling dart,

The little fly urchin

Has fix'd in my heart.

Then quickly consent,
For wholly I'm thine,
Accept a true lover
As your valentine.

View the piece I now present
Love and content you see,
Love rules my heart and all my love,
Is truly fix'd on thee.

If you consent to make me blest,
Smile a ray of happiness,
Pity a heart, that's wholly thine,
And be my lovely valentine.

The happy pair,
Presented here
A pattern still will be.
Chaste in our love
Nor ever rove,
While I'm posses'd of thee.

Our happiness sublime and great,
So firm, so fix'd will be,
Cou'd angels envy, they'd look down,
And envy you and me.

E P I T A P H.

Here lies a man who lov'd a joke,
 Good wine and eke a whore;
 He drank and jok'd and whor'd 'tis said,
 Till he was past three score.

Now here he's laid in silent cell,
 Pray some compassion have,
 Then ladies kindly condescend
 To piss upon his graves.

FOR A PUBLIC-HOUSE SIGN.

THE world is full of ills and strife,
 But the worst of these a scolding wife.
 Stop friend! come in and taste my ale,
 To cure thy ills it will not fail.
 A noble stream and freely flows,
 As well to cheer as banish woes,
 Here friends may meet and friendship strengthen,
 And eke besides, your lives 'twill lengthen,
 Thy wife too then you'll surely please her,
 When swaggering home as great as Cæsar.

THE SUMMUM BONUM OF LIFE.
S O N G.

TO pleasure all mortals are wholly inclin'd,
 And each is still hunting true joys for to find,
 But most wrong in the scent are to find the glad prize,
 Then listen a moment I'll point where it lies.

The miser in gold thinks he sees all *true joys*,
The rake in his *mistress*, the child in his *toys*,
The toper in *bottles* and still *fresh supplies*.
But they all are deceiv'd still, in *these* it not lies,

Some in *glory*, in *honor*, and some in a *name*,
Each still in pursuit is the *prize* to obtain,
But most wrong in the scent are, and still miss the *prize*.
Yet listen a moment I'll shew where it lies, **WHAT**

The fighting young lover thinks could he obtain,
The lass he adores he'd all happiness gain,
But surely he *wrong* is in that which he tries,
In a *taste* and *begone*, the *chief happiness* lies.

In this, that nor *'tother* *alone* it is found,
But now shall you know in what 'tis to be found.
'Tis in *friendship* and *wine*, just so much as ne'er *dloys*,
These are *part* of *true pleasure*, are *part* of its *joys*!

A *nag* and a *Friend* with the other we'll bind,
One council will give 'tother cares to the wind,
Health, wealth, love and *friendship* and *wine*, wisely join'd,
In these are contain'd all true **PLEASURES** combin'd.

And now I am happy while singing the lay,
And you too are **HAPPY** I have shewn you the way,
To view eases pain if we ne'er all obtain,
Then if you are pleas'd Sirs, I'll tell them again.

I **SEE** you are **PLEAS'D** so I'll sing it once more,
And surely if wise you will **PLEASURE** *encore*,
Then all join your voices to sweeten my lay,
At least while **THUS HAPPY**, w'are in the **RIGHT WAY**.

Ye gods then compleat it by giving us wine,
By giving us HEALTH, WEALTH, and friendship to join'd
And a lovely gay NYMPH, where sweet joys we may find,
For in these all true PLEASURES are surely combin'd.

S O N G.

WHAT pleasure on earth can with music compare,
With the Joys of good wine with the smiles of the fair
Our passions by these are all sweetly refin'd,
Its joys all sublime are and peace fills the mind.

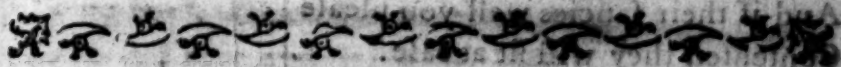
From music alone what raptures does flow,
'Tis a foretaste of HEAVEN to Mortals below,
Divine all it's joys are and truly sublime,
The Soul fills with pleasure, with peace fills the mind.

Good wine too soon eases the cares of the mind,
By it rais'd a little what PLEASURE we find,
It kindles the soul into FRIENDSHIP's pure flame,
And gives us such pleasures which angels might claim.

The soul thus inspir'd, the mind thus at rest,
All discord thus banish'd, how calm is the breast,
Then open the heart its true joys to improve,
And nought can have place there but friendship & love

Come then my choice friends this moment let's prove,
The pleasures of music, of friendship and love,
And in these sweet pleasures, each moment improve,
All pleasures are found in wine, music and love,

But come THOU dear charmer above all the rest,
 For ne'er without YOU can we truly be blest,
Wine raises low spirits and friends eases care.
 But all BLESSINGS COMBIND are still found in the FAIR.



A HINT to MARRIED MEN. A TALE.

YE married men, who oft do roam,
 And spoufey leaves quite mad at home,
 Here is a little pleasant tale,
 To make you laugh it will not fail.
 I hope in chest you will not lock it,
 But keep it always in your pocket,
 That when abroad you still do roam.
 Perchance you'll guess what's done at home,
 You will be pleas'd no doubt to know it,
 And I am pleas'd because I shew it,
 —Each woman is at heart a rake,
 And love's sweet joys they will partake,
 Each husband's duty sure it is,
 That of these joys they never miss,
 But if you this neglect and roam,
 And spoufey leaves to fast at home,
 Or with short fare you still do feed 'em,
 Much keener appetites 'twill breed 'em,
 And abroad or at home themselves will cheer,
 With better usage, better fare,

The slip once made you'll hope in vain,
 To retrieve their love, but hope in vain,
 If then you're wife you will not roam,
 Till spoufey you have fed at home,
 And if their fancies well you please
 Contented they will sit at ease.
 I've said enough, hope 'twill prevail,
 But yet I'll tell my merry tale.
 Then here begin and gently read it,
 A truth it is you need not fear it.

T A L E

—A man went out one day to roam,
 And left his wife displeas'd at home,
 And many times had done the same.
 I know him well and eke his name,
 And where he went, and what he did,
 But I w'ont tell, no God forbid!
 His spoufey was affronted much,
 (Troth she in softest part was touch'd,)
 Which caus'd great ire, her passion swell'd,
 She vow'd revenge, and rang the bell,
 So loud it rang, so quick did sound,
 The Neighbors heard it all around.
 John flew to see what was the matter,
 That caus'd so terrible a clatter,
 He ope'd the door, and ventur'd in,
 So far you see there is no sin.

With due submission ask'd her will,
 What e're it was he wou'd fulfill,
 —She was about for to reply,
 But first of all she fetch'd a sigh,
 Then kindly bid him take a chair,
 And the whole matter she'd declare,
 John made a bow, and fate him down,
 Then master's actions she made known,
 How he did rove and leave her there,
 And of his love she had no share,
 That he to others still did give.
 What she alone ought to receive,
 (So I'm resolv'd a thing to do,
 Perhaps 'twill make your master rue,
 I think you understand me John,
 'Tis just what nature puts us on,
 Such unkind usage I have had,
 'Tis enough to make me more than mad,
 Our wants should all be satisfy'd,
 Long fasts no woman can abide.
 I've fasted long, 'tis a hard task,
 But I will now no longer fast,
 And if your master, still will roam,
 I must and will be fed at home.
 —Her am'rous eye, her heaving breast,
 Still plainer spokethan all the rest,
 John slyly eye'd the am'rous dame,
 And troth he too was all in flame.
 But what to do he hardly knew,
 The lad was young and bashfull too,
 But madam's wants did sorely press,
 And soon she cur'd his bashfullness.

In haste she rose (but not to frown),
 And some how, faith she tumbled down,
 John frighted at his lady's fall,
 Aloud for help was going to call,
 When out to John she stretch'd her hand,
 And begg'd he'd help to make her stand,
 She was not hurted by the fall,
 And bid him not for help to call.
 John took her hand with bow profound,
 To lift her up, but he fell down,
 Some time together sprawling lay,
 Then like two children 'gan to play,
 Now they were both upon a level,
 John am'rously began to revel,
 They rowl'd and tumbled o're and o're,
 Upon the carpet coverd floor.
 He eyd the dame just as she lay,
 And soon began more am'rous play,
 Around her waift he clasp'd his arms,
 And sweetly view'd her lovely charms.
 Her rolling eyes, her quiv'ring lips,
 And word half spoken out in lips,
 Set John to do a wondrous matter,
 For egad! it made his teeth to chatter.
 He did indeed, what I don't name,
 Had you been there you'd done the same,
 Again twas done, and eke once more,
 Till John had, spendd all his store.
 And his best strength had fully try'd,
 And madam was well satisfide.

—Now fir what happen'd to this man,
May hap to you d'ye understand,
If you do rove, and wife forsake,
For ev'ry woman's at heart a rake.

—From this then learn when e're you roam,
What spoufey may be at at home,
And when they please act o'er the same,
It is not they but you're to blame.
The flaming torch of gen'rous love,
Still burn at home and never rove,
For if abroad you quench the flame,
And of love's joys you cheat your dame.
John or some other will supply,
Her wants, which you to her deny,
Let you and I by prudent care,
Our selves see that love's joys they share.
And still by gentle usage, strive,
To keep the flame of love alive.

E P I T A P H.

HERE lyes a man whom many knew,
He faithful was and just and true
To his self alone, but to none other,
He scrupled not to cheat his brother,
Here then his actions we'll review,
But mind I don't point this at you!

You surely are an honest man,
 Be offended then sir if you can;
 He's dead and gone 'tis very true,
 But this will hang him still in view.
 Methinks you ask, what were his crimes,
 I'll tell you friends in pleasing rhymes.
 —He from the cradle to the grave
 Was ever a low scheming knave,
 To none he ever was a friend,
 He'd never give nor would he lend,
 A poor man was his worst of hate,
 Because by him he could not get;
 And if he ever did implore
 His aid, he'd kick him from his door.
 At church he constant did appear,
 And always first he wou'd be there,
 With religion mask'd (O damned sin,)
 He more easily took his neighbor in,
 The greatest rogue that ever liv'd,
 Made use of this best to deceive.
 Of the austere look, of the falling tear,
 Of the holy groan, O! friend beware,
 For know an hypocrite is near. }
 If e'er he bought, the price down beated,
 And yet went home and feared he was cheated,
 If e'er he sold for sake of gain,
 He'd freely lye his end to gain.
 To over-reach was his chief delight,
 And even his friend he thus wou'd bite,
 Of conscience he had not the least share,
 Unless 'twas the conscience of a bear.

To plunder all, and even slay,
 Whenever he cou'd find a prey,
 To see his neighbour rise or thrive,
 Wou'd make him swear, or thus surmise,
 There is a shew indeed is made,
 But then again, there's debts unpaid,
 And if the truth was fairly known,
 He han't a penny of his own,
 He had a wife of temper meek,
 Yet scarce to her he'd ever speak,
 Unless it was to snarl or frown,
 And sometimes strike her to the ground;
 His children too his sight did dread,
 Ill taught they were and worse were fed,
 Much worse he was but enough is fed,
 And you no doubt are glad he's dead,
 Too long he liv'd, 'tis very true,
 At length the world the villain knew,
 By all was hated, all was scorn'd,
 And now he's dead by none is mourn'd;
 Such was the man indeed 'tis true,
 He was just the opposite of you!
 He died 'tis said did not repent,
 If so to purgatory's sent;
 Here lies his body as before was shown,
 O! may the Devil have his own—!



On the DISTRESSES of LIFE, with a view of FRIENDSHIP,
intended to STIR up the PASSIONS of PHILANTHROPHIC
SOULS to visit DISTRESS and SOFTEN WOE.

YE happy men who fortune's smiles do share,
Who know not want, are free from every care,
That from dread poverty, does always flow,
And many gen'rous breasts, now fills with woe,
Ye noble Souls come listen to my tale,
Here woe shall speak, O may her tale prevail!
Each good man loves to wipe the tear of woe;
And heal the wound from whence those tears do flow,
There! view the hut, where poignant sorrows dwell,
Where want in bitter pangs the bosom swell,
Where the lov'd wife and helpless children mourn,
A prey to grief, friendless and forlorn;
Life's blessings all should freely share,
Its want oh! who can calmly bear.
Poverty's chill hand each generous breast should grieve,
Each gen'rous breast some kindly warmth should give,
Who can enumerate, the dreadful woes
That flow from poverty? and will for ever flow,
'Tis a want of food, a want of cloaths.
A want of friendship, 'tis a world of woes.
Who e'er wants wealth, the world rejects,
To a poor man none will pay respects,
By all past by, left helpless and forlorn.
By fools is buffeted, by the rich is scorn'd.
Still shun'd by all, without offence,

A WANT of WEALTH, is thought a want of SENSE,
 O! thou all seeing eye, thou canst inspire,
 Some generous breast, with friendship's holy fire,
 O gently whisper to some generous heart,
 The poor to visit and cheer their broken heart,
 Methinks at thy command, I see him go,
 With chearful zeal, to visit pain and woe,
 I see him enter mis'ry's humble door,
 To help the wretched, and their sad wants explore,
 To raise the drooping head, to dry the falling tear,
 To ease the throbbing heart, to alleviate sad care,
 His blessings freely scatters all around,
 And friendship's balm, applies to every wound,
 Freely dispences, freely does impart,
 And gently binds and heals, the broken heart,
 What noble joys each generous breast does feel,
 When the poor he visits, and their distresses heal;
 Reader! did you then never, never know?
 What heartfelt joys from sacred friendship flow?
 O try then now, thou soon shalt find,
 Such pleasing heavenly peace will fill thy mind,
 As nought on earth shall ever take away,
 'Tis a spark of heaven not subject to decay;
 O may it now be kindled in thy breast,
 And burst into a flame, the poor to bless!
 From goodness alone true happiness does flow,
 And generous souls, with friendship always glow;
 From friendship angles gather half their joys,
 Be thou a friend, and taste of angels joys,

And when on earth thy work is done,
 In heaven with angels thou'lt be one :
 But before we part I'll try to show,
 The blessings which from friendship flow.—
 —Stand forth ye rescu'd thankful throng,
 With joyful hearts, and chaunt this song ;
 You widows first in praise declare,
 From friendship's hand what peace you share,
 Stand forth you children fatherless,
 In thankful sounds your patrons bless,
 To heaven in praise your voices raise,
 Angels shall hear, and join the praise,
 And thou poor man to labor doom'd,
 Stand forth with wife and children round,
 With thankful hearts your voices blend,
 And bless, still bless the name of friend,
 And all ye numerous low born throng,
 If e'er ye found a friend among,
 Your brethren of this mortal race,
 Stand forth ! stand forth ! and speak his praise,
 Come all, unite, and loud proclaim,
 The joys you've felt from friendship's flame,
 From troubles eas'd, from pain set free,
 Rescued from galling poverty,
 In joyful praise your voice prolong,
 And this shall be your thankful song.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

ASSIST our thoughts, our minds now raise,
 Thou great supreme, to give just praise,

Our hearts expand, and to us lend,
An angel tongue to praise a friend!

Now to begin the pleasing lay,
All to friendship chant away.

Friendship! friendship! sacred sound!
Friendship's balm heals ev'ry wound!
Friendship, pain and sorrows lighten,
Friendship, th' worst of woes will brighten,
Friendship, joy and peace bestow,
If but **FRIENDSHIP**, you can know.

We from numerous ills set free,
See how happy we all be,
Here with joyful hearts we stand,
From woes reliev'd, a numerous band,
Each a thankful heart possesses,
Each his friend sincerely blesses.

All in concert sing around,
Till to heaven we raise the sound,
Angels hear and join the lay,
All to friendship chant away,
Hark! the widow's voice too sounding,
Hark! how friendship is rebounding.

Rebound it still from ev'ry tongue,
From among this numerous throng,
Little children lisps it's praise,
Each your voice to friendship raise,

Eas'd of woe and pain and care,
See how happy they all are.

The father joyful them carelling,
And loudly joins in praise and blessing,

He as well as they set free,

From woes and pain and poverty,

O the sacred pleasing sound

Friendship's balm cures ev'ry wound.

O may friendship ever flow.

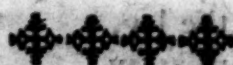
Flow to ease distress and woe.

Flow to heal our ev'ry sore.

Flow and flow for evermore.

And when time shall have an end,

FRIENDSHIP shall to HEAVEN ascend!





ON THE WORLD. 1790.

Wrote the Day Mr. M'NAMARA was
executed for forgery at Bristol.

" **L**ITTLE villains must submit to fate,
" That great ones may enjoy the world in state,
But search the world to earth's remotest bound,
Try if one honest man is found.
Each individual trace their actions weigh,
The rules of justice does there one obey,
No, all alike, each preys upon his neighbour,
Still to deceive the most each man does labour.
Ask you the cause? 'tis wealth, chief friend of man,
That's now dealt out, with an unequal hand,
Resume the world, give each a needful share,
Crimes then will vanish, vanish ev'ry care.
" For that which makes our lives a blessing prove,
" Is a genteel sufficiency and love.

EPITAPH, for Mr. M'NAMARA's TOMB,
Whoe'er thou art that reads this letter'd stone,
And do my actions blame, pray view your own,
Be honest *once* then if you can,
And say, are you an honest man?
Begone all hypocrites, but censure me who can,
But none dare blame me but an honest man,
I err'd 'tis true, my life the forfeit paid,
Let this teach you of vice to be afraid!

E P I T A P H.

R E A D E R.

HERE lies the body of John Jones,
 Like yours 'twas made of flesh and bones,
 Now shov'd into this hole to moulder,
 Aged fifty years or somewhat older.
 But tho' I'm dead, by this you see,
 I still can friendly talk to thee.
 His soul as parsons us'd to tell him,
 In Heaven or Hell, has found a dwelling,
 Or else to purgatory's sent,
 To make it of all crimes repent.
 And in Hell-fire is roll'd and tost,
 To make it pure from sin and dross,
 But how a Soul could be thus pain'd,
 In life he ne'er could understand.
 For a Soul's so very fine and subtle,
 To hold it fast old Nick will hobble,
 But fire and devils much affright,
 And Parsons all get something by't.

But tho' they oft tell you the story,
 Themselves all laugh at purgatory,
 And gravely argue upon the whole,
 That fire can never burn the Soul.
 It is so very fine and thin,
 By none on earth could e'er be seen,
 And that its nature is just such,
 That fire itself can never touch.
 And some do hold you know full well,
 That Souls do never go to Hell,
 But with the body they do sleep,
 Or just above the earth do keep.
 And here or there they dance around,
 And sometimes in your house abound,
 The truth of this was never clear,
 Yet softly friend they may be near.
 And in their airy course around,
 May visit still this holy ground,
 By night perchance, sometimes at noon,
 May kindly visit this my tomb.
 And I with them perchance you see,
 May now be reading this with thee,
 —But there's enough of this you say,
 Then take it just the Parson's way.

—If purgatory be my lot,
 Why there some friends I've surely got;
 And friends you know do always please ye,
 And purgatory will make easy.
 And if to Hell; shan't badly fare,
 Because no doubt some friends are there.

—But if my works and faith were right,
 Then I to Heaven have took my flight,
 There greater happiness shall share,
 No doubt because more friends are there,
 And there no doubt I you shall meet,
 And sing sweet Psalms in every street.

—Since friends there are in every place,
 They'll help to soften the worst case.
 And as in life there is none free,
 From care and pain and misery,
 Cheer up my friend, be not afraid,
 And mind what just before was said.
 That whether here or there we go,
 There will be friends, to soften woe,
 In Heaven no doubt full joys we share,
 May you and I sometime meet there.

So I'm well pleased upon the whole,
 And am a happy friendly soul.
 —When hence you pass and know your doom,
 Whether to Heaven or Hell you roam.
 Be this your first and only care,
 T' enquire my friend if I am there,
 And if I am there is no doubt,
 But quickly you will find me out.
 Ask where lives Jones, the merry Poet,
 There's not a ghost but soon will shew it,
 Then hand in hand we'll trudge about,
 And you shall see the place throughout,
 Yea every corner we'll explore,
 And friendly live for evermore.

F I N I S.



And as well pleased upon the whole

And am a happy friend's feel.

When hence you pass and know your doom.

Whether to Heaven or Hell you roam.

Is this your friend and only care.

I care no more if I am there.

And if I am there is no doubt.

But quickly you will find me out.

And where lives I a merry fool.

There's not a ghost will know it.

Then hand in hand I go about.

And you shall see me through out.

Yet every corner well explore.

And friendly live for evermore.



T I N I S



C L E

FROM friendship and wine
From friendship and wine
Wine gives us new friends
And friendship gives us wine

Those blessings, those pleasures, those joys

Then all coverd with the same

And all coverd with the same



In the same way

Chose pleasures combine

Then circle the glass with the same

C H O R U S

Then all coverd with the same

And all coverd with the same



G L E E.

FROM friendship and wine how great is the pleasure,
From friendship and wine how sublime is the Joy!

Wine gives us new spirits,

And friendship inherits

Those blessings, those pleasures that never will cloy.

Then all covet friendship, that blessing divine,

And all covet wine which will friendship fast bind,

In friendship and wine

Choice pleasures combine,

Then circle the glass till these joys we all find.

C H O R U S.

Then all covet friendship and all covet wine,

Let's circle the glass, till these joys we all find.

18



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